The Golden Arrow

1915

The Golden Arrow

The Year Book Published Annually by
the Students of

Milton High School

VOLUME XII

MILTON, WISCONSIN

1915

MILTON HIGH SCHOOL

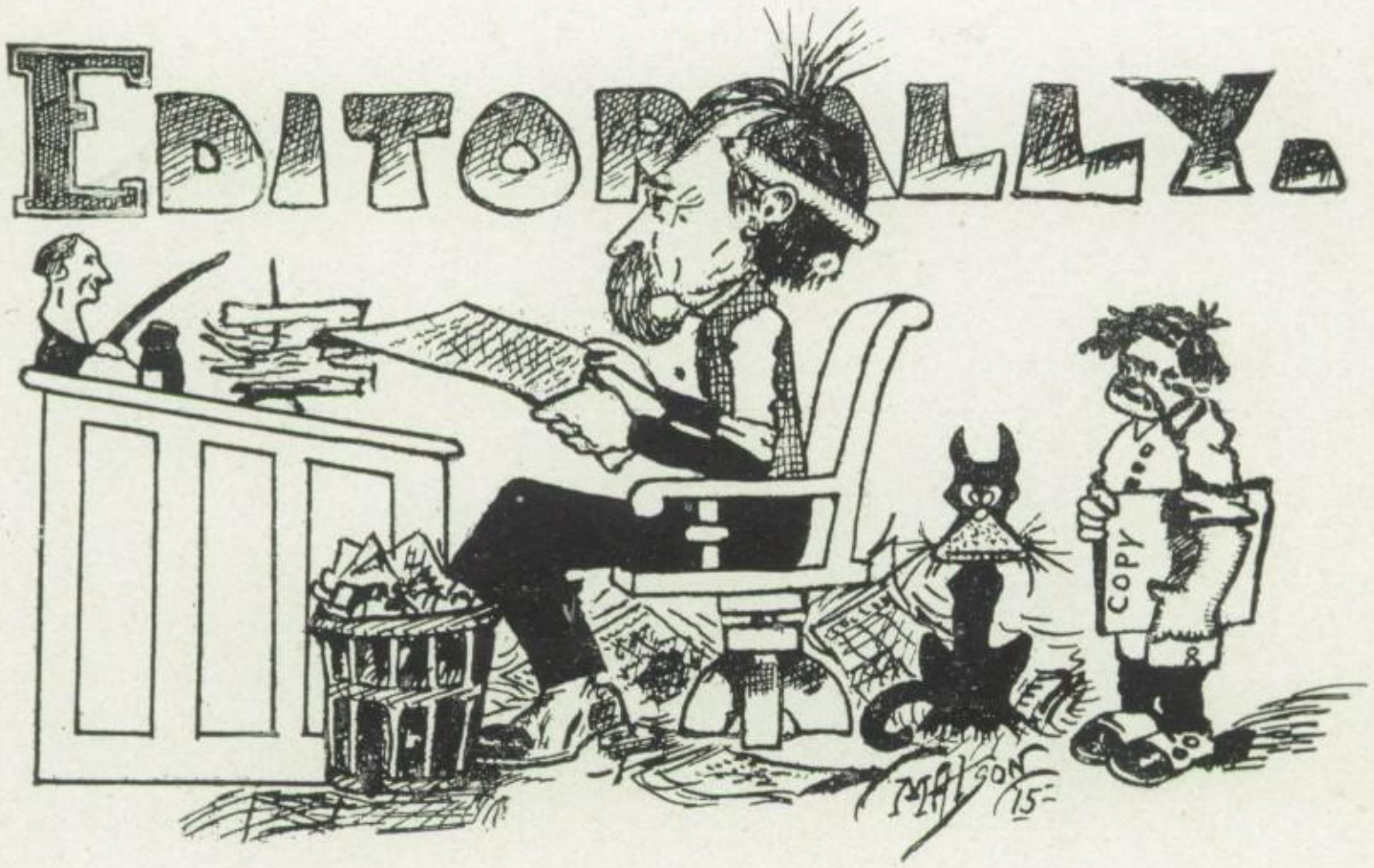
MISS FRIES

We, the students of Milton High School dedicate this, the Twelfth Volume of The Golden Arrow to Miss Gyneth Fries as an expression of our appreciation of the unlimited interest in our welfare shown by her and of her untiring efforts to raise the standards of Milton High School during the past school year.

R. V. HURLEY

MISS SAXTON

MISS OURSLER



Golden Arrow Staff

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF - -	Clarence Glynn
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ASSISTANT EDITOR - - -	Clifford Thomas
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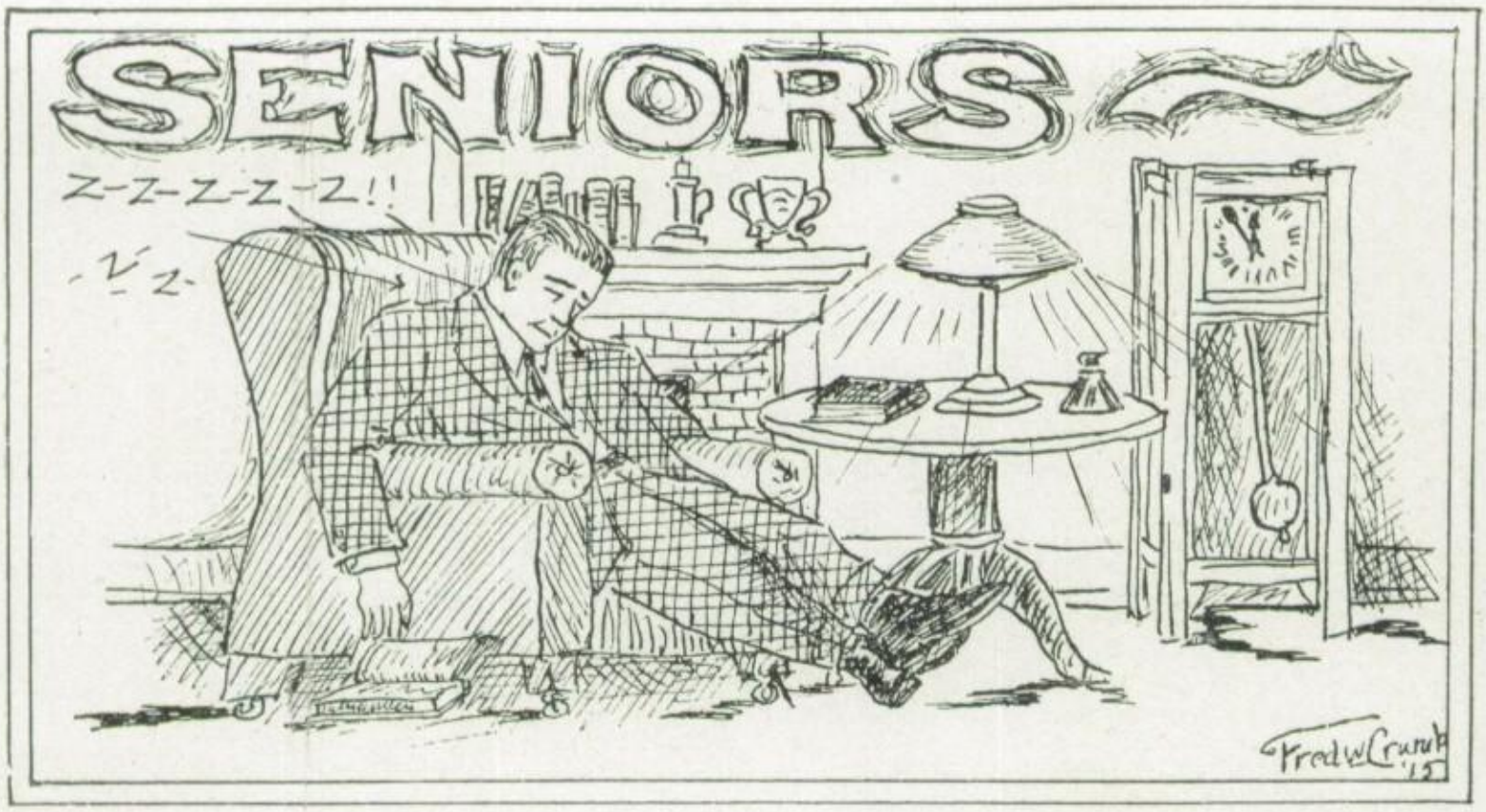
ASSISTANT MANAGER - -	John Holmes
ART EDITOR - - - - -	Paul Emerson
ATHLETIC EDITOR - - -	Arthur Curtis
JOKE EDITOR - - -	Goldie Davis

FOREWORD

EACH YEAR a few unfortunate mortals must bear the burden of compiling a presentable account of the school's work and of its various activities. Such a task is, by no means, enviable as many difficulties arise which seem, at times, too great to overcome. However, taking as our motto, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again," we the editorial staff, present our humble edition of the 1915 Golden Arrow.

CLASSES



CLASS OFFICERS.

PRESIDENT—Clarence Glynn VICE PRESIDENT—Marion Lee

SECRETARY-TREASURER—Mizpah Bennett

CLASS YELL

Best Alive!

Best Alive!

Milton High School

Ten and Five!

CLASS COLORS—Red and White.

CLASS MOTTO—Not at the top, but climbing.

MIZPAH E. BENNETT, "Mip"

"The secret of success is constancy of purpose."

Class Secy.-Treas. (2, 4); Basketball (2, 3, 4); Basketball Capt. (3); News Editor (4); Ass't. Editor of Arrow (4); Pres. Round Table (4); Class Play (4); Glee Club (4); Treasurer Round Table (4).
Thesis: "The Popular Ballad and Its Influence."

GERALD A. SAYRE, "Gerry"

"With head as level as his heart is big."

Oratorical Contest (2); Basketball (3, 4); Base Ball (3, 4); Class Play (4); Treas. Boys' Literary Society (4).
Thesis: "A History of Wisconsin Pure Bred Grains."

E. GRACE GOULD, "Gretchen"

"The love of study is her eternal passion."

Ninth Grade, Lima Center (1); Basketball (2, 3, 4); Declamatory Contest (3); Senior Play (4); Girls' Glee Club (4).
Thesis: "Jane Addams and Her Work in the Settlements."

J. LEROY FETHERSTON, "Feathers"

"What's the use of fussing when there are so many other things to do?"

Oratorical Contest (3); Base Ball (2, 3, 4); Class Basketball (3, 4); Senior Play (4); First Vice-President Boys' Literary Society (4).
Thesis: "The Dual Purpose Cow."

EVELYN ANDERSON, "Eve"

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

West High School, Minneapolis (1, 2, 3);
Class Play (4).
Thesis: "Woman Suffrage."

CLARKE A. BORDEN, "Buddy"

"Work! Where did I hear that word before?"

Class Pres. (1); Pres. Boy's Literary Society (3, 4); H. S. Play (3, 4); Class Play (4); Student Athletic Manager (4); Basketball (4); Base Ball (4).
Thesis: "Corn."

MARION E. LEE, "Dutch"

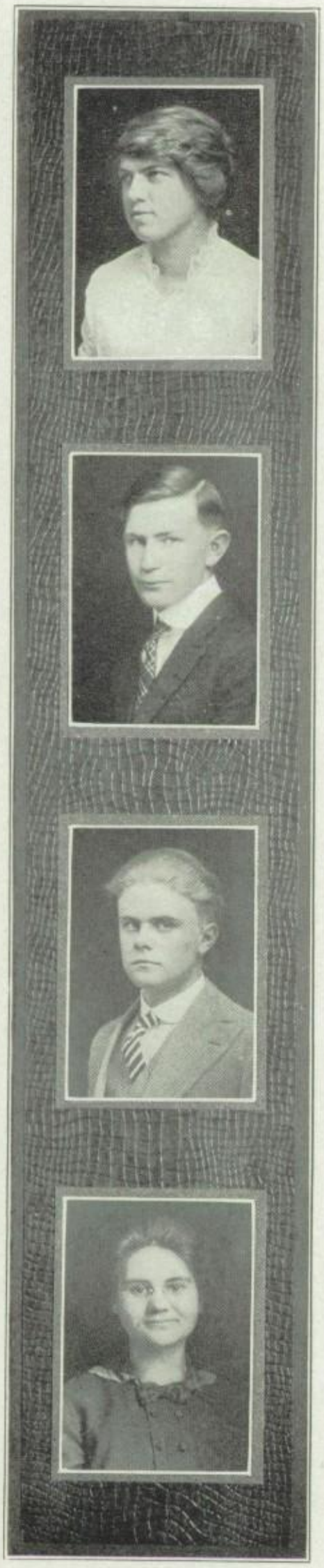
"Valuable goods often ccme in small packages."

Vice-Pres. (4); Cor. Sec'y. Round Table (4); Glee Club (4); Class Play (4); Basketball (2, 3, 4).
Thesis: " A History of Modern Music."

WALTER W. HOLLIDAY, "Happy"

"A diplomat of the first water but set in his ways."

Beloit H. S. (1); First Vice-Pres. Literary Society (4); Sec'y Literary Society (4); Senior Play (4).
Thesis: "The South American Republics."



ALMA WALTERS

"Thought works in silence, so does virtue."

Vice-President Round Table (4).
Thesis: "The North American Indians in Their True Light."

CLARENCE G. GLYNN, "Denny"

"As loyal an Irishman as ever scuttled a ship or cut a throat."

Vice.-Pres. (2, 3); Class Editor (2); H. S. Play (3); Sec'y. Literary Society (3); Class President (4); Class Play (4); M'g'r. H. S. Fair (4); Editor-in-Chief of Arrow (4); President Literary Society (4).
Thesis: "The Origin and Development of the Guernsey."

JOHN E. HOLMES, "Prince"

"'Tis better to have fussed and failed than never to have fussed at all."

Class President (2); Assistant Manager of Arrow (2, 4); Senior Play (4); High School Play (3, 4); President of Boys' Literary Society (4).
Thesis: "Co-operation Among Wisconsin Farmers Looking to the Standardization and Marketing of Farm Products."

MAREE CRANDALL

"Slow to form a friendship, but firm and constant."

Class Play (4).
Thesis: "The Southerner's View of the Civil War."

M. KATHERINE CAMPION, "Katy"

"First endure; then pity; then embrace."

Class Play (4).
Thesis: "Where the Novelties in the Shops Come From."

PAUL L. EMERSON, "Lena"

"Three years I've wasted as an anti-fusser."

Class Play (4); Treasurer Literary Society (4); Art Editor of Arrow (4).
Thesis: "The Evolution of Artificial Lighting."

CHARLES S. MAXSON, "Mack"

"Slow, but thoughtful are his actions."

Staff Photographer (4); Treasurer Literary Society (3, 4); High School Orchestra (3, 4); Class Play (4).
Thesis: "The Development of Radio-Telegraphy and Radio-Communication."

FRED W. CRUMB, "Crummy"

"I can waste more time in half an hour than most people can in a week."

Class Play (4); Basketball (2, 3, 4); High School Play (3); Art Editor (1, 2, 3).
Thesis: "The Development of the Classical Styles of Architecture."

H. ARTHUR CURTIS, "Ben"

"A pitcher with a mighty arm is he."

Basketball (2, 3, 4); Baseball (1, 2, 3, 4); Superintendent High School Fair (4); Class Play (4); High School Play (3); Class President (3); Business Manager Arrow (3); Athletic Editor Arrow (4); Captain Baseball (4).
Thesis: "Cow Testing Associations and Their Increase."

SENIOR CLASS SONG.

At eight-fifteen we go to school
With faces clean and bright,
And then we go to Physics class
And start the day out right.

Our main room hour is spent in work,
Though spice it does not lack.
We leave the main room door ajar
And Prof peaks through the crack.

Our necks are not so very smooth,
And we are awful tough,
But when we go to history class
No one dares get rough.

And when it's noon we go to dine,
And then come back to school;
Around the girls each boy does shine
And shows he is a fool.

Then we go to German class
And translate Deutsch, by jibbs;
And our dear German teacher says
She'll can whoever cribs.

Not all of us would farmers be,
So some stay in the room.
Some were built to milk a cow
And some to wield a broom.

And then we go to see Miss Fries
And study Shakespeare's plays;
And we are all darned glad to say
That we live in modern days.

But just the same we like our school,
And we like our teachers too;
So we will all be sorry,
Next June when we are through.

Chorus

And we always seem so jolly oh, so jolly O,—
so jolly O!
We always seem so jolly O! Wherever
We may be.
We smoke, we fuss, we laugh ha ha, we
Laugh ha ha.
What a jolly bunch are we!

CLASS OFFICERS

PRESIDENT—Rolland Maxson VICE-PRESIDENT—Nina Haskins

SECRETARY-TREASURER—Lawrence Babcock

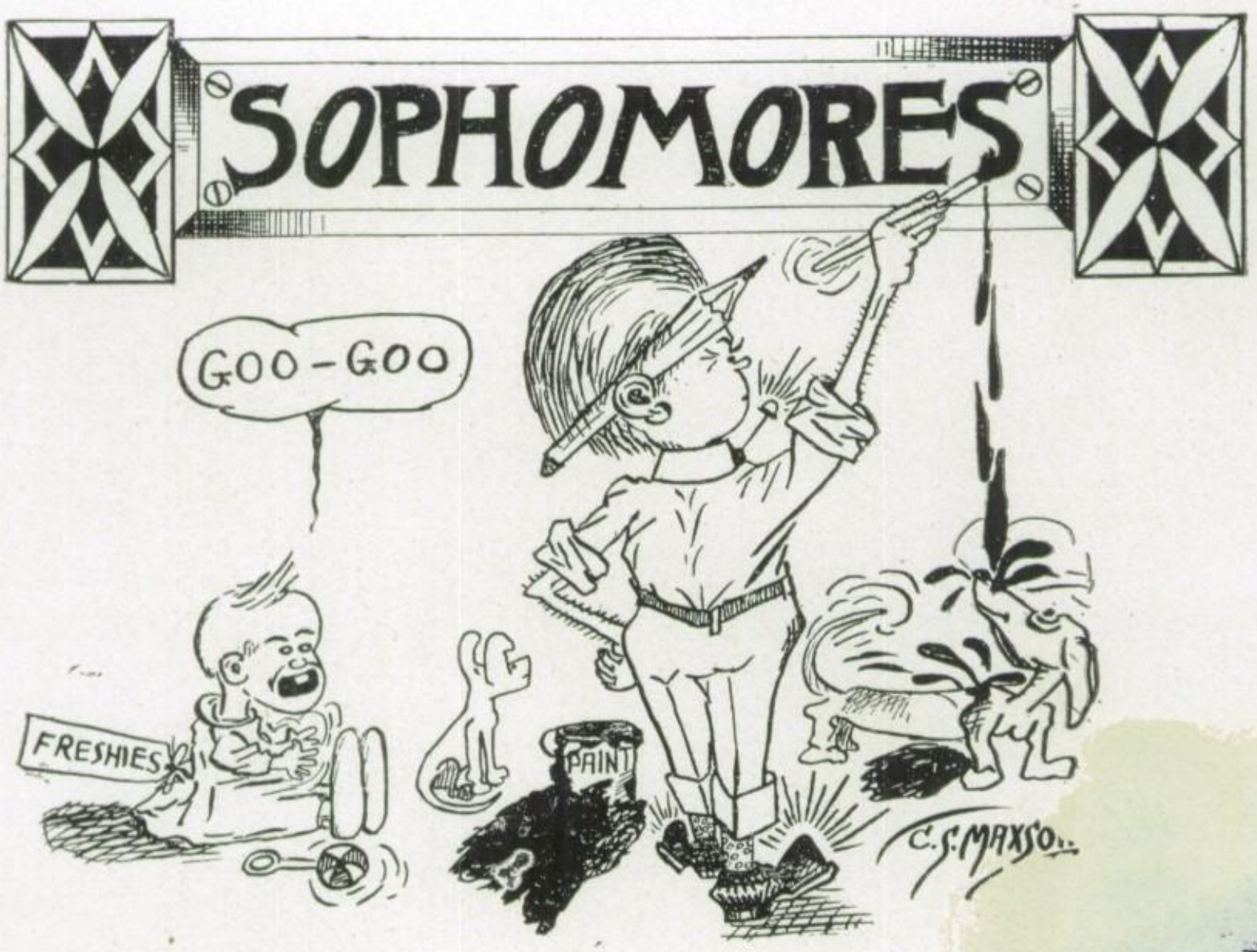
CLASS COLORS—Maroon and White

MOTTO—B^2

CLASS YELL

Rap 'em on the cocoanut
Hit 'em on the bean
I holler—You holler
Sweet Sixteen.

Thomas Babcock
Krause Gray Goodger Maxson
Clarke Fetherston Crandall Hall
Peckham Shuman Taylor Bingham Hudson



OFFICERS

PRESIDENT—John Mullen VICE PRESIDENT—Winifred [illegible] Horn

SECRETARY-TREASURER—William Campion

CLASS MOTTO—To Be Continued COLORS—Lavender and White

Clarke Gould Mull. McCullock Sunby
Maxson Rasmussen Snyder ydon Waterman Westrick
White Vickerman Waterman Campbell
Campion Goddard Smith mers Holmes

CLASS OFFICERS

PRESIDENT—Monica McBride VICE PRESIDENT—Gladys McArthur

SECRETARY-TREASURER—Cole Sholes

COLORS—Purple and White MOTTO—Diligence

McCartney Burdick Babcock Ballard Emerson Goddard Hudson Vickerman
Clarke Thomes Logan Post Burnett Sholes Arrington
Vincent Bennett Bingham McBride Rice Westrick Vickerman Fuder
Zanzinger Sunby Mathie Burdick Babcock McArthur Sayre Babcock

Boys' Literary Society

PRESIDENT—Clarence Glynn
1ST VICE-PRES.—Miss Saxton
2ND VICE-PRES.—Arthur Curtis
SECRETARY—Walter Holliday
1ST DOOR GUARD—Leo Vickerman
2ND DOOR GUARD—Cronje Goddard
TREASURER—Clifford Thomas

This society was organized about the middle of the 1913-14 school year. A constitution was adopted and all students wishing to obtain membership signed this constitution.

The object of this society is the social, moral, and intellectual betterment of its members. The meetings are held every Tuesday afternoon and a joint meeting with the girls' society is held once a month. Some of the joint meetings have been very successful.

Visitors are always welcome and several attended the Christmas program. The programs are drawn up by an executive committee consisting of the two vice-presidents and the secretary. The orders given are usually music, debates, talks by the members, and various discussions of high school betterment. Sometimes the programs have been, for the most part, impromptu, because of the failure of members to fulfill their orders. However, a great deal of benefit may be derived from this society if the members keep up the good spirit which they have shown heretofore.

Girls of The Round Table

PRESIDENT—Mizpah Bennett
VICE-PRESIDENT—Alma Walters
CHORISTER—Ruth Sayre
REC. SEC'Y—Winnifred Peckham
COR. SEC'Y—Marion Lee
CRITIC—Doris Babcock
TREASURER—Irene Shuman

The Girls' Dramatic Club of 1913-14 was re-organized at the beginning of the year under the name of "Girls of the Round Table."

The object of this organization is the moral, social, and intellectual culture of its members.

The Club has held its sessions every Tuesday afternoon, and the last meeting of every month has been a joint session with the Boys' Literary Society.

The members have, on the whole, been very prompt and willing to take part in the literary programs, which consist of debates, music, prepared and impromptu speeches.

It is believed that valuable help and experience have been gained from membership in such a society. We hope that the same interest will be manifested during the coming year.

Athletics, 1914-1915

Arthur Curtis, '15.

This season has seemed to be an "off" year in athletics, mainly because of new material which had to be worked up for all the teams. Nevertheless, the high standard in scholarship has been maintained in connection with athletics, and, also, the standard of athletics has been adhered to as closely as possible under the prevailing conditions. The basketball season started well, with a promising team which, though of rather light weight, showed some degree of the speed and ability necessary to a winning team.

The first games were played with Milton Junction H. S., Milton H. S. winning both, 26-10 and 25-23. Then the "jinx" overtook the team and in the slump which resulted a game was played with Stoughton in which the home boys were well "drubbed." After this, a succession of defeats were administered to the boys; they lost two games to Palmyra, two to Edgerton, and one to Ft. Atkinson. At this period the team was reconstructed and defeated Ft. Atkinson at Milton. Preparation was then made for the tournament, but sickness and the ineligibility list broke up the team, and combined with their drawing Stoughton, one of the strongest teams in the meet, the team made a very poor showing.

Following is the list of players who participated at one time or another: Babcock; Borden; Crumb; Sayre; McFarlane; Randolph, Capt.; Maxson; Curtis; Goodger; Waterman. The line-up at the end of the year is as follows: Forwards: Curtis, Waterman, Babcock; Guards: Borden, Sayre, Goodger; Centers: Randolph, Crumb.

The second team had a very successful season, winning all but one game. They were ably captained by John Mullen.

The baseball prospects are as good as can be expected and the boys are determined to better their past record this season. So far they have played but one game and that with Palmyra H. S., which resulted in a victory for the latter team, 10-4.

The personnel of the team is: Babcock c; Fetherston 1st; Sayre 2nd: Kraus 3rd and p; Randolph ss; Curtis, Capt., 3rd and p; Borden, Gray, Mullen of.

Tennis has been taken up with a great deal of enthusiasm this spring. Two courts have been laid out, a club organized, and tournaments started in boys' doubles, mixed doubles, and singles. A final tournament is being arranged for during commencement week, and the sport is receiving excellent support from the student body

Addendum:

The girls, under the captaincy of M :rion Lee, organized a basketball team, but being unable to schedule any games, practice was finally dropped.

Senior Class Play

The Senior Class Play, "Hicks at College," of 1915, was presented under the direction of Miss Gyneth Fries.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Hiram Hicks, The Braino Man - - - - - Clarence Glynn
Tom Horton, who writes advertisements - - - - Clarke Borden
Fritz Jordon, Tom's chum, who plays basketball - - - John Holmes
Adam Biddicut, Prof. in University - - - - - Arthur Curtis
Dean Smiley, Dean of University - - - - - Chas. Maxson
Percy Robbins, recently from Boston - - - - Paul Emerson
Adolph Hopkins, a lazy boy - - - - - - Walter Holliday
Bastian Briggs, a dig - - - - - - - - Gerald Sayre
Josh Padlet, newspaper reporter - - - - - Roy Fetherston
Peters, Proprietor of "Palace of Sweets" - - - Walter Holliday
Walker, Manager for Braino man - - - - - Fred Crumb
June Grant, a Senior, interested in Horton - - - Evelyn Anderson
Polly Porter, A Senior, interested in Jordan - - - Mizpah Bennett
Claire Jones, a stage-struck girl - - - - - Grace Gould
Susy Spriggens, a Freshman with a crush - - - Phyllis Campbell
Daisy Armstrong, an athletic girl - - - - Katherine Campion
Flora Belle Delamarty, waitress at "The Pal" - - - - Marion Lee
Mrs. Cobb, housekeeper at the "Quarters" - - Winifred Van Horn
Lily, Maid at the "Quarters" - - - - - Marie Crandall

SCENE—A NORTHERN UNIVERSITY.

THE SYNOPSIS.

ACT 1.

Scene—The Palace of Sweets, familiarly known as "The Pal."

Time—Morning, three days before the championship game.

Hiram Hicks and his manager are looking for a man to write advertisements for their celebrated breakfast food, "Braino." They discover Tom Horton and

decide he is their man. In order that Hicks will be sure to accept, they persuade Prof. Biddicut to flunk Horton in his studies. Flora also promises to help them by leading Tom on until he proposes. Tom's friends are very worried for fear he will leave college.

ACT II.

Scene—Campus of Northern University.

Time—Morning, day of the game.

Tom confides in his friend Jordon of his love for June. They are interrupted by June herself. After many interruptions, Tom tells her of his love, and she promises to marry him if they win the game.

Flora meets Tom later, and she thinks he means to propose to her. Flora is very anxious to "settle down."

Tom is greatly perplexed, for he finds himself engaged to two girls.

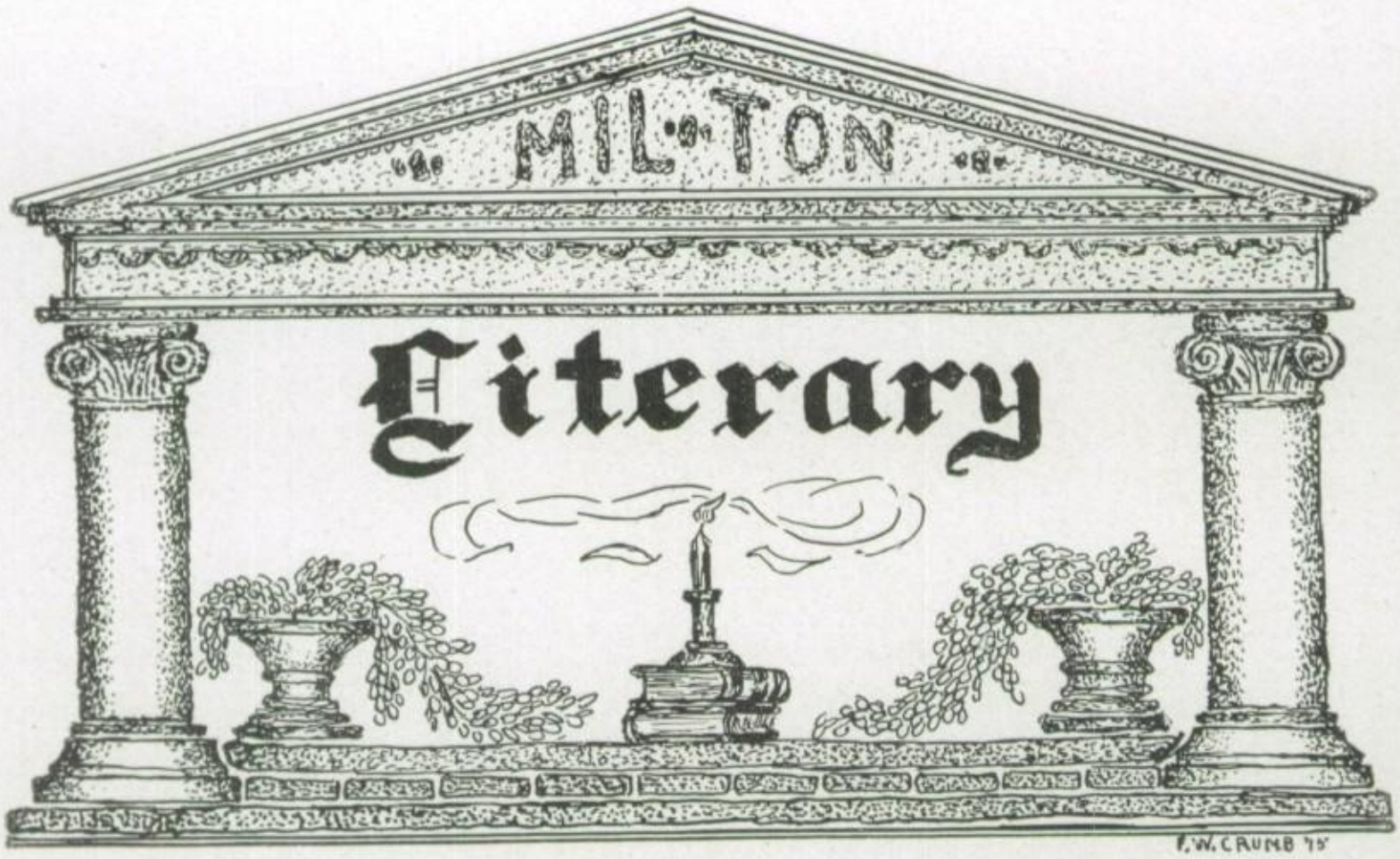
ACT III.

Scene—"The Quarters," home of the six boys.

Time—Evening, jubilee after game.

Game a tie. Prof. Biddicut decides not to flunk Tom after all. Hicks finds himself much interested in Flora— and they finally become engaged. Tom is much rejoiced when she tells him she is to become "Mrs. Hiram Hicks."

The students are happy to learn that Tom is not going to leave college, and that June has promised to marry him.



The Story of A Bad Boy

Chapter I., Cleone Bingham, '18.

PAYNESVILLE was generously supplied with bad boys, but when Jimmy McGraw arrived and the people noted how both his mother and father kept a watchful eye upon him, their suspicions were immediately aroused. They surely had cause to mistrust him for the family had just stepped from the train, when Mr. McGraw asked, "Where's James?" But Jimmy was wise; for what boy, especially a stranger in the town, wants to walk the whole length of the main street "tagging after pa and ma?" Most certainly he did not. While his parents were searching for him, Jimmy was concealing himself by walking backwards in front of a portly gentleman, thus keeping the latter between himself and his family. As Jimmy afterward told the boys, "The fat old gent was game."

He had arrived at noon, and at the corner, a crowd of small boys were waiting to greet him.

"What's your name?" inquired one politely.

"James McGraw."

"Aw—w, Jimmy McGraw, aw—aw!" yelled one of the boys, bigger than the others.

"Want ter fight?" asked Jimmy calmly.

"Naw, I guess not today," answered the leader, after a thorough survey of Jimmy.

"Come on over to school with us," invited another boy. So Jimmy decided

to start in school at once. Arriving at the school-house they encountered a small boy sitting on the steps, eating his dinner.

"What did you bring your dinner for, Johnny?" asked Bill.

"Oh, cause maw's agoin' to wash," answered Johnny indifferently.

"Where's the clothes? I don't see any," persisted Bill, gazing across the street at Johnny's home.

"Well, she ain't goin' to wash clothes, she's goin' to wash herself," and then the boys laughed so hard that poor Johnny ran away.

Jimmy liked the looks of the teacher.

"Gee, I bet she could sass some," he whispered to Tommy.

"Try it and see what you get," was the reply.

Jimmy did try it, and got into trouble. The next thing he knew the teacher was coming toward him with a ruler. The only means of escape was the door, and Jimmy was out of the room like a flash. Of course, the teacher followed, and seeing that, Jimmy looked for further refuge. It had recently rained and the result was a large pond in the school yard. Having a bright idea, Jimmy waded out into the middle of the pond and calmly waited for the teacher.

Chapter II., Mildred Waterman, '17.

"James McGraw, come here to me this minute," said the teacher, shaking her ruler at him.

Jimmy was splashing around in the water and enjoying himself immensely.

"Come——," this was as far as Miss Jacob got, for she was so angry and so out of breath, that she sank to the ground.

"Oh, teacher's dead," cried a little girl frantically, and ran to get her a drink.

"Let her die," called Jimmy, and his voice showed well his disgust. However, down deep in his heart he was afraid she would die, because she was "so fat, and no spring chicken," as he expressed it.

"Hey, come over on this side," shouted Bill, waving his hand.

"Not just this minute," answered Jimmy calmly.

"Aw, you rabbit."

"I'm thinking of being a fish," Jimmy returned, thoughtfully.

Meanwhile the teacher had been revived and with more determination than before, she proceeded to carry out her plans of capturing "that boy or die in the attempt."

"James McGraw, do you know where you'll go to when you die? Such a bad boy as you are!" Miss Jacob began fiercely.

"Well, I'm only hoping we don't land in the same place," returned Jimmy.

"Young man, you'll get your reward for all this, if it isn't 'til after you're dead. Just mark my word!"

Then teacher began to put on some big rubber boots she had borrowed from the janitor.

"Holy mud, I wonder what I'll do if she gets out here," and Jimmy looked really scared.

"Now, sir, I'll fix you," shouted Miss Jacob, and then she stepped into the water.

"Turtle Lake," as the boys had appropriately named the pond was not very deep or Miss Jacob would surely have drowned, for she had not gone very far when her foot slipped and she landed in the water.

"She's sure a gon-ner now," screamed one of the little boys nearby, but he was mistaken, for Miss Jacob was soon on her feet again, coughing and spitting as a result of her immersion.

Chapter III., Rolland Maxson, '16.

"Suffering snakes," said Jimmy to himself, as he saw his father coming around the school building. "Look what's cruising up here now. Guess I'll beat it."

Jimmy made a desperate dash toward the teacher, then suddenly dodged as she made a frantic movement to capture him. She, of course, missed him and fell headlong into the water. Jimmy, running for freedom as fast as his short legs would carry him, collided suddenly with a big "cop," who did not enjoy the sensation of having a small boy's head rammed into his solar plexus.

"Here, you young shrimp," howled the angry officer, holding Jimmy by the ear. "Why don't you look where you're going? I've a notion to lock you up a while. What are you in such an infernal rush for anyway? Running away from someone?"

"No sir, Mister, but I'm in an awful hurry. I've only got two minutes to make it in, Mister," bluffed Jimmy as he looked at his watch which had not been going for three months. "I'm awfully sorry I ran into you, Mister, but I didn't see you. I'll have to hurry, Mister, cuz—er—I'm in an awful hurry, Mister."

At this, Jimmy dashed off again at full speed.

"Here, you young scoundrel," yelled Jimmy's fond parent, as he sailed in upon the scene of action. "Hey there, I say, officer, stop that boy; he's running away from me."

Jimmy heard his father's angry voice and the officer's cursings, but instead of stopping, he ran all the faster. He headed directly for the depot, and dodged around in the alleys and side streets in an attempt to throw off his pursuers.

"Gee, but I'm sure in it bad now," thought the boy as he narrowly escaped running into a fat lady. "Gosh! dad is sore; he won't lick me, will he—wow?"

Turning around as he ran, Jimmy noticed his pursuers close upon him. In front of him was a freight train just pulling out. He made one last desperate plunge for freedom, reached the train, and caught on a car. He looked back and saw the policeman and his father get on the caboose.

"For the love of Mike," murmured Jimmy, as he noticed the train had speeded up so much he couldn't jump off, "I'm sure a goner now."

Chapter IV., Paul Emerson, '15.

But Jimmy was equal to any occasion presented by fate. Just for a moment was he nonplussed, then he threw his active brain into the circuit and allowed it to work most swiftly. There were few avenues of escape in view and these few were very impractical. He might jump off the train, but that was dangerous and, moreover, his pursuers would surely see him and follow his example as well as his tracks. No, he would be safer on the train. However, if he did remain there they might easily seize him. He decided that some means of concealment was necessary. He was an experienced passenger of freight cars and was entirely familiar with their anatomy. He looked back toward the rear of the train. Approaching were his venerable progenitor and the portly officer of the law, gingerly picking their way along the trail. Jimmy descended to the coupling and engaged in retrospection. No, he couldn't stay there. They could easily see him when they forded the gap between the two cars. The posse was fast approaching. Jimmy could hear animated conversation above the roar of the train. Quick action was imperative. He crawled over to the step. They could see him if he remained there provided they looked, and they were sure to do that. So in peril of his life, he managed to slowly edge his way down underneath the edge of the cars, grasping the step with one hand. He placed his foot on one of the journal boxes, then slowly and laboriously made his way onto the truck, where he reclined at full length, holding on to the nearest projection.

In this somewhat uncomfortable position he completed his journey. His father and the portly officer journeyed the entire length of the train in search of their irretrievable object, finally retiring in discouragement to the caboose. Meanwhile the "irretrievable object" bumped up and down on the springs of the truck enjoying the ride much less than his searchers.

When the train reached the railroad yards at the city and commenced to slacken speed, Jimmy seized the opportunity to dislodge himself from his perch. He dropped off forcibly from the trucks, receiving no little shock. However, he was in a hurry and immediately picked himself up and proceeded to dodge hastily into an alley closely adjoining the track.

He found himself presently on a business street. It was then the supper hour and the thoroughfare was not greatly rushed. Jimmy discovered that he was very hungry, and not being lucratively supplied, he conjured his brain to decide from what source his evening meal was forthcoming. Presently, he noticed he was approaching a lunch stand. The sight and savor of the "hot dogs" and coffee did not in the least appease his hunger. Jimmy's conscience was not ironbound, so he watched the man in attendance very closely. No one was in sight but a solitary Salvation Army man on the street corner nearby, keeping vigilance over a kettle and tripod and occasionally jangling a small hand bell.

The lunch counter man was not conscientiously watchful, so Jimmy edged

slowly up to the stand with his back foremost. While the proprietor was busy with his paper it was an easy matter for a bad boy to seize three hot wieners and transfer them to his spacious pocket, and then presently to appropriate a corresponding number of buns.

After completing this process, Jimmy began to edge slowly away. He directed his steps up the street and was accordingly met by the Salvation Army man.

"My son," inquired that worthy officer. "Have you considered the consequences of such a crime as you have just committed? Do you know what will become of your soul?"

Jimmy replied that he had no views in regard to the matter, whereupon he received a long and forcible talk on the consequences of evil doing. The arguments were very well put and had a tremendous effect upon Jimmy, although he still retained the stolen lunch.

Finally the man concluded by entreating Jimmy to become a member of the Salvation Army. Being already deeply touched by the lecture and not having any other means of employment, he decided to accept the offer.

So now, at the end of twenty years, James McGraw is the captain of the Salvation Army at Monterey; and has been the means of rescuing the soul of many an erring small boy, and of placing him on the right and narrow way.

To Milton

Dear Milton thy name is worthy,
And thine is the power to show
That all good in life is beauty,
And all evil is weak and low.

Teach us as scholars of great men
To follow the ways that are right,
Teach us as children of kindness
That peace lies in love, not in might.

True to thy poet's name, Milton,
Cling to his spirit's great sway,
Forsake those thoughts that are narrow,
Throw off the foul crusts of decay.

Prove to the world that's around you
True strength is full-hearted and clean,
That only is evil compounded
With all that's small-minded and mean.

Junior Poet

The Cultural Studies

John Holmes, '15.

THE GROWING demand to abolish the teaching of classical studies in high schools is unfortunate. It shows a tendency to worship money more than all else in life, and to teach that creed in our schools. Unfortunately, it is becoming the custom to reckon everything on a dollars and cents basis,—religion, virtue, beauty, honor, love,—everything in fact that our race has hitherto held sacred and above price.

The argument that Latin, for instance, is of no use to the average man, is on a par with the argument that tasteful decorations are of no use to a home. It is silly and absurd to say that, because a student cannot realize material gain therefrom, it is of no value to him to be able to appreciate that which is beautiful and noble.

The modern process of converting a high school student into a machine is undermining our old American idea and ideal of democracy. It is establishing a caste system which will take centuries and probably a bloody revolution to break. The idea is begotten by the commercial rulers of this nation for the purpose of suppressing thought, the one thing which makes a man a useful citizen.

At the time Shakespeare wrote, his plays were attended by the tradesmen and their apprentices just as enthusiastically as by the nobles. At that time there was no elaborate scenery, and the plays, unembellished, succeeded or failed upon their literary merits. In modern times, the laborers and tradesmen go to vaudeville performances. This is analogous with the popular taste in music and art. People are so solicitous about shielding themselves and their children from the so-called "high brow" diversions that they really cheat themselves out of a world of keen enjoyment.

Commercialism is as necessary under our present conditions as militarism. However, like militarism, it is often overdone. Perhaps none of us can realize the Utopian dream of "a country villa and a row of books," but let us not altogether exclude from our lives and the lives of our children the "row of books."

The Tale of The Wife of Bath

The Knight and the Fairy.

Paul Holmes, '17.

PROLOGUE.

N THE year 1340, twenty-nine pilgrims set out from the Tabbard Inn in Southwark for the shrine of Thomas Becket at Canterbury. To pass the time more pleasantly, it was agreed that each should tell a story as they rode. In all, twenty-five tales were told, which the poet Chaucer set down in verse after the return home. The English language has been changed very much since that time, and now it is hardly possible to read Chaucer's works without a special glossary and notes.

The tale on the proceeding pages is one told by a certain Dame Allison of Bath, on the fourth day of the journey toward Canterbury.

I.

OLD ENGLAND.

In the old days of King Arthur,
To whom Britons give great honor,
The land with fairies did abound,
And the Elf-queen, with her merry folk around,
Danced often in the woods at night
Under the old moon's mellow light;
But this was many years ago,
And now, themselves, the fairies will not show.

II.

THE QUEST OF THE KNIGHT.

In Arthur's court, there was a knight
Who topped all others by his might.
And as a path he walked one day
A maiden chanced along that way.
She was the fairest of the fair,
And as he watched her, he did swear
That he would have her for a bride,
Whatever ill it might betide.
Therefore, he captured her by force,
And sought to put her on his horse.
But she made good a quick escape
Which left Sir Knight in a fearful scrape,

For he was sentenced, for the deed,
By a court of law, to lose his head.
"It is too bad that he should die,"
Cried out the Queen, and heaved a sigh.
She besought the king with all her might
To show his mercy to the knight,
And into her hands place his fate,
For she believed him to be great.
The boon was granted by his Grace,
Who killed another in his place.
As the Queen was about to set him free,
To go his way in liberty,
She found 'twas 'gainst the sacrament
That he should have no punishment.
Then straightway one she did devise,
And to the knight spoke in this wise,
"I grant you life if you tell me,
Within a twelfth-month and a day,
What is't that women most desire.
Go ask from peasant, prince, or friar,
And do your best, and take great care,
And of most answers do beware,
For, if your answer be not right,
You must die ere another night.

III.

THE ANSWER.

For eleven months and more
He searched this great world o'er and o'er,
But an answer he could not find
That he thought would suit the young Queen's mind.
Some said that holiness was right, instead
'Twas honor, riches, or to be wed.
But he knew that none of these were right
And that he must die ere another night,
Altho' very much he desired his life.
Then, by the road, he saw an old wife
With fouler face than no man might devise.
Before the knight did the woman rise,
And said, "Sir Knight, why goest thou this way?
Tell me what is't thou seek—tell me, I pray,
For, by my troth, it may much better be
If you unloose your tongue. Confide in me."

"Well mother," said the knight, "I pray
That by tonight I'll be able to say
What thing it is that women love the most.
Tell me, and well I'll pay the cost."
"That will I do, and tell you right," cried she.
"If, afterwards, you'll grant a boon to me."
To her condition, he readily agreed,
Without even asking the wish she might plead,
And eagerly waiting to hear when she spake.
"Listen now," cried she, "the answer I'll make.
Thy life is safe, for I will stand thereby,
Upon my life, the Queen will say as I.
None dare say 'no' to that which I will teach
And I will tell you now, without longer speech."
Then she stepped close and whispered in his ear,
And what she said was welcome, for it banished all his fear.

IV.

THE BOON.

And when they reached the court, the knight
Said, "I've kept my day as is but right,
And ready is my answer now."
And many a wife, and many a maid,
And many a widow, the prince and the princess
Came forth to hear him. The Queen was the justice.
"Then," said the knight, when all became still,
"What a woman most wants is her way and her will.
That is her most desire. Tho' you me kill,
Choose as you wish. I am here at your will."
In all the court, there was no wife or maid
Who disagreed with the words he had said,
But cried, "For himself he has earned his life."
At the words, up spoke the old wife,
Who had been sitting alone on the green,
"Mercy," cried she, "my sovereign Queen.
Before your court depart, do me a right.
I told the answer to the knight,
For which he pledged me, by his sire,
The first thing that I would of him require,
He would perform, if it lay in his might.
Before the Court, I ask of you, Sir Knight,
That you accept me for your wife,
For you know well I've saved your life."

If I say false, say 'No.'" "And in good sooth,"
Answered the Knight, "Alas, you speak the truth.
But, perforce, I'd rather lose my head
Than to a one like you be wed."
"You promised, Sir," the old wife said,
"You'll keep your promise and keep your head.
By all the Saints that dwell above,
I'll be your wife and have your love."
"My love!" he cried, "No! My worst curse.
And you will perhaps, have something worse
For by my oath I'll not abide,
Tho' my pale face in shame I hide,
And my bride, you'll never live to be."
But all for naught. The end that he,
Forced by the Queen, the woman wed,
And well he wished that he were dead.

V.

THE FAIRY.

The day they wed, there was no dancing in the hall.
There was no joy, nor wedding feast at all.
And, after that, he hid like any owl,
And woe was with him that his wife was so foul.
She said, "My husband dear, give me a kiss.
Does every knight act toward his wife as this?
Is this the law of Arthur's house?
Is every knight so dangerous?
I am your own love and your wife.
I am the one who saved to you your life.
I'm sure I always have done right.
Why treat me so, ungentle knight?
You act toward me as if you'd lost your wit.
What is my guilt? My husband, tell me it,
And it will be amended if it may."
"Amended!" scoffed the knight, "It can't. I say
It can not be amended, we are told,
'Tis that you are so loathsome and so old."
"Choose, then," cried she, "which one you like the best,
To have me old and foul until I rest,
And be to you a true and humble wife,
And never displease you in all my life,
Or would you have me young and fair,
And fickle be and give you care,

But beautiful to look upon.
Now, of the two, choose quickly one."
The knight knew not which one to take,
And after much thinking, at last he spake,
"I know not of the two, on which I'd win or lose.
Good wife of mine, I pray that you will choose,
And as you think, I'll think the same."
"All right," she said, "but lay on me no blame
Which one I take. Are you agreed, Sir Knight?"
"I am, my wife," said he, "I think it right."
"All good," cried she, "I'll be no longer loath,
For by my troth, I'll choose the best of both.
I'll be beautiful and fair, but also good and true
As ever was wife since the world was new.
Look at me now, for I'm fair as a Queen
Anyone living on this earth has seen.
An honor to you, I will be 'til I die,
And that will be never. A fairy am I,
Enchanted by Merlin, whose wrath I incurred,
But you've broken his spell and I'm free as a bird."
When the Knight saw this, so great was his joy,
That he capered around like any small boy.
He caught her up in his arms, and so happy were they,
That they ordered a feast for the very next day.
The nobles all came. There was feasting and laughter,
And, in peace in the castle, they lived ever after.

A Woodpecker lit on a Sophomore's head
And settled down to drill
After he had sat and drilled all day
He finally broke his bill.

The A B C's of Milton High School

Annette Rasmussen, '17.

A is for Alice, there are two, you know;
Vincent and Mathie, one high and one low.
B is for Bert, with the blackest of hair;
To misbehave, he never would dare.
C stands for Catherine, Clarence and Clyde;
Also for Clara, of Freshmen the pride.
D is for Dorothy, best of her class;
David, the jolly one, always will pass.
Evelyn holds up the banner for E;
And Eva, who pleasant always will be.
F? Why, that's Fred, who's an artist for sure.
He is a Senior, therefore he looks so demure.
G is for Gladys, two you will see;
And as for the Georges, there are only three.
H is for Harriet, tall as can be;
And H stands for Harry, a Junior he.
Irma's a Freshman, who always will smile;
Irene Clarke's like her, she smiles all the while.
J's for our Johns, three in number,
When they're near, none of us slumber.
K is for Kisten and Kittie Clarke;
Happy and jolly as any lark.
L's for Loretta and Leo, too;
Lucy the right thing always will do.
M is for Mizpah, the most popular girl;
M's for Mark Shumway, also for Merle.
P's for Paul Holmes and Paul Emerson;
Also for Phyllis, who likes lots of fun.
Relda and Retta both start with R;
Robert and Rolland Juniors are.
William, the chatter-box, talks all day long;
Winifred's lessons never are wrong.
There are no X or Y's, so they'll have to be missed;
And **Z** stands for Zanzinger, last of the list.

Santa's Radiatorial Visit

Paul Emerson, '15.

IT WAS the evening before Christmas. I reclined in an easy chair consuming a new brand of cigars and absorbed in meditative lethargy, with my pedal extremities carefully placed on the upper surface of the radiator, seeking to absorb what scant heat proceeded therefrom. One end of the radiator was tastefully bedecked with footwear, which had been suspended on it earlier in the evening by the younger generation. I was engaged in contemplation of the subject prevalent in the minds of everyone at such a time,—the Santa Claus matter. Where and how had this universal custom become established anyway? Who had been so absurdly inclined as to originate such an abominable practice as the filling of children's stockings with unhealthy confections and useless toys, and then deceiving them as to their source? I recalled those days when as a mere child I had anticipated the arrival of Saint Nick via the fireplace, and accordingly, attached my hosiery to the mantle. Then my attention reverted to the footwear of my posterity displayed before me on the radiator. The idea of trying to so strain a child's imagination as to persuade him that Santa Claus could emerge from a radiator! The custom had been appropriate in the days of fireplaces, but now—it was preposterous!

Suddenly above the never ceasing din of adjacent street car lines, I detected a new sound, a roar, louder than a locomotive, somewhat resembling the exhaust of a motorcycle, except that the explosions took place so rapidly as to seem hardly intermittent.

Hastily, I withdrew my limbs from their elevated posture and proceeded to the window to investigate. At first I could perceive nothing unusual, then presently, as the clamor increased, I discerned a gigantic body descending from the atmosphere directly in front of the house. It was an airship! I could not fathom what mission such a vehicle could possibly have in this vicinity. The motor ceased its deafening tumult. Soon I heard the outside basement door of my house open. Then the basement steps creaked as if a ponderous body were descending. Who was it that thus dared to intrude into my house in the dead of the night? I paused precariously. What should I do? Assail the intruder, or was his intrusion justified. I satisfied myself by presuming that perhaps it was only the janitor returning for some of his tools, and resumed my more or less comfortable position,———enveloping the radiator.

A sound manifested itself as of someone engaged in energetic manipulation of some outlet in the steam pipes. Then there slowly followed a laborious "bump, bump, bump," like a pump, but the sound emerged from the radiator, and there was not to my knowledge any pump in direct connection with the steam pipes in the house.

Suddenly the radiator over which I was folded began to emit a peculiar

hiss unlike the familiar but commonly absent sibilance of steam issuing from the instrument. Plainly no steam was emerging from the valve. Slowly a deep blue cloud of vapor proceeded therefrom. I observed closely in blank amazement. Suddenly the pumping sound ceased. The cloud had left the valve. It floated toward the floor. It struck the floor. It——.

I hesitate to relate what next took place. I have no reputation as a falsifier, and my utmost desire is always to express myself truthfully. Suffice it to say then, that I beheld before my eyes the process of the immediate equipment of those stockings. That vapor, magically or otherwise, was automatically transformed into various toys. Each cloud resolved itself into an article of childhood delight. Finally, all the stockings were filled by this process. Then the business of detaching the pump commenced, Santa officiating, I supposed. I decided to investigate and started toward the door of the basement in great haste. But my celerity proved destructive. I omitted the first two steps and found myself descending into space. But for some reason I fell very slowly and with seeming great friction. The turbulence in the pipes increased, and now seemed to be directly beneath me. Finally my descent ceased. I looked around.

* * * *

I was in a particularly uncomfortable position. My feet were on top of the radiator, and I was on the floor. The chair was directly behind and above me. The stockings were still in recumbent positions on the radiator, awaiting my replenishment.

"Confound those cigars," I soliloquized. "They're the greatest instigator of visionary slumber I've yet run across."

Jokes

"John," asked teacher. "What is a synonym?"
"A synonym is the word you use when you can't spell the other one."

A joke: M. H. S. Basket Ball Team.

Mildred (in the restaurant): "Dear me! I can't find my mouth."
Deck: "I can!"

Dennie: "What are you going to do when you graduate, Bud?"
Bud: "Be a Taylor."

What would happen if Mr. Hurley should stop talking agriculture for three whole minutes?

Miss S.—"What is the meaning of Punic?"
Howard H.—"Weakly."

Ruth slips on an icy walk.
Cliff: "Get up!"

If Freshmen are Green, is Mae White?

Miss S. (In German class)—"Ruth, if you would pay attention, I think the boys would."

If the temperature in the English room dropped to zero, would Gyneth Fries?

What would you do if you had a million?
Nothing.

If Prof. wanted a helper, would Flinky Doo?

"George," said teacher. "I am glad to see you are polite enough to offer your sister the oranges first."
"Yes'sum, 'cause then she's got to be polite and take the little one."

If all the wells should go dry, would Bert be Waterman?

Jack Snyder—"Did you read about the Germans not wanting canned Watermelon?"

Irene S.—"No! Why don't they like it?"

Jack—"They want to eat it on the Rhine. (rind.)

ESSAY ON MEN.

Men are what women marry. They drink and smoke and swear, but don't go to church. Perhaps if they wore bonnets they would. They are more logical than women and also more zoological. Both men and women sprung from monkeys, but the women sprung farther than the men.

Bill C.—"Did you hear about the Germans not letting the United States ship any apples to them?"

Irene C.—"No! Why wouldn't they?"

Bill C.—"Because they were afraid they'd be Northern Spies."

JUST A NOTE.

A little paper,
A little ink,
A little girl
Who didn't think.

A little tossing,
A little thump,
A little boy
It hit, kerbump.

A little teacher,
A little stare,
A little word,
As if in prayer.

A little worry,
A little weep,
A small red mark,
They sure are cheap.

An angry mother,
An irate dad,
A trembling daughter,
Now ain't it sad?

DAILY FOOD FROM FRESHMEN THEMES.

She was middle-aged, fair looking and tender.

When it stopped snowing trains pushed on through the lumbering town.

He found some mice in the traps which were still alive.

After eating a bite the train started carrying the boys with it.

The lamb looked frightened and said, "Poor little thing come here."

She was freckled and had a puggy like nose which made her look extremely inkivizitive.

After being sick for a long time she suffered a collapse.

The neighbors carried him in in pants.

Coleridge was a fine man he was borne in Attery St. Mary Devenshire 1772 and he died very young from liquors that he used when he was nine years of age his father died. He was a very bad opium drinker, one yr, later he won the fame of his life writing Silas Marner. He felt good for the next two years, and wrote a little more poetry, but he quietly died in his home.

Launcelot suffers great hardship in fighting with his conscience and has a habit of escaping from the scenes.

THE ANGELIC CHARACTER OF SENIORS.

Wings are all that seniors lack of being angels. They are not easily led into temptations. They never do what they should not. They are always sober, conscientious, ambitious, and diligent. They look upon a whispering sophomore or a giggling junior with scorn and indignation. If a teacher leaves the room, the seniors to all appearances do not know it. On glancing over the assembly room one can always tell the seniors by their decorum. They never give way to anger by expostulations. Omars and Prince Albert are strangers to their pockets. The only time a senior looks up from his book is to reprove a lower class-man for not studying. They are a help to the teachers, a sustaining force to the principal, and a good example to all.

High School Calendar

August—

31 School opens.

September—

3 Freshman social.
3 Curtis elected captain of baseball team.
4 Class scrap.
4 Jct. Y. M. C. A. defeats Milton nine 5-1.
7 New laboratory cases installed.
10 Birthday party at Happy's.
11 Seniors removed from alcove.
17 Soph.-Junior dog roast at Bower's Lake.
20 Classes meet and elect officers.
21 Freshman wiener roast, two dogs are missing from town.
25 Milton College defeats M. H. S. 4-1.
26 Jessie Post entertains Freshmen.

October—

1 H. S. Fair. Big success.
2 Teacher's visiting day.
8 Nothing doing since the fair—study—study—etc.
11 Basket Ball girls organize.
11 Boys Literary Society meets and elects officers.
20 Girls Literary Society meets and elects officers.
23 Class basket ball finals. Seniors and Juniors received first and second places.
23 Howell Randolph elected captain Basket Ball Team.
31 Junior class party at Katherine Clarke's.

November—

3 Boys Society elects officers. Hobo party victorious.
4 Mr. Hurley, Miss Fries and Senior class visit Jct. picture show.
5 Sophomores entertained at Harriet Heydon's.
6 H. S. faculty attend teachers' convention in Milwaukee.
11 Smith Damron lecture. "Nuff said."
12 Agriculture classes attend corn contest (?) in Janesville.
13 Cole Sholes entertained a few of his H. S. friends.
13 Physics class attended lecture by Dr. Bailey in college chapel.
14 Basket social in H. S. building. Who said there was graft?
16 Fussing licenses went on sale at office.
17 State Inspector Goddard visited us.
27 Nina Haskins withdrew.
30 Winnifred Peckham entered as a Junior.
30 Prof. Wilbur gave physical culture lecture. Step! step! step!

December—

1 Three new tables installed in Science Room.
2 Betterment Society organized by boys.
8 Prof. Chase, inspector, visited us.
9 Board put on storm windows.
10 Literary societies had a successful joint meeting.
10 Girls elected Marion Lee basketball captain.
14 Froze out.
17 Miss Mona Lovell recently wedded.
18 Vacation for two weeks.
19 H. S. Basket Ball team reamed by alumni.
31 Ye merrie watchers party at Happy's.

January—

9 Fusserino at Packey's.
11-12 Exams.
14 Board visits school.
16 Juniors entertained at Crandall's.
19 Girls of Round Table elect officers.
21 Prof. Burr of Beloit gives talk.
23 Sophs take in Apollo at Janesville.
26 Milton defeated by Palmyra (30-23).
26 Mr. Stacey demonstrates a lantern.

February—

1 Fourth year agrics organize cow testing association.
2 Joint meeting of Literary societies.
4 Milton defeated by Ft. Atkinson (32-20).
11 Prof. James, U. W., gave talk.
15 Seniors entertained by Misses Fries and Saxton.
16 Milton defeated Monticello (22-15).
18 H. S. orchestra organized.
19 Golden Arrow staff elected.
22 Vacation.
29 Freshies entertained at Rice's.
29 Edgerton defeated Milton.

March—

3 Milton H. S. defeated Town team.
5 Milton 22, Ft. Atkinson 17.
15-16 Exams.
17-18 Tournament.
25 Talk to H. S. by Pres. Daland.
27 Freeze out party at gym.
27 Vacation.
29 High School social.

April—

8 Boys start baseball.
15 Senior play. Big success.
19 Tennis club organized.
16 Seniors reinstated in alcove.
29 Palmyra 10, Milton 4.

Announcement

THE Milton High School offers three courses of study; the Scientific, which includes two years German and four years of Science; and the English which offers only one unit of foreign language, and four years' course in practical Agriculture is offered for those preparing themselves for Scientific farming. Of the sixteen units of work in the high school, the following ten units MUST be offered for entrance to college:

Mathematics (Algebra 1, Geometry 1)----------2 units
English (Rhetoric 1, Literary 1)----------2 units
History (Ancient History 1, or Mediaeval and Modern History 1, or English History 1)----------1 unit
Science (Botany and Physical Geography 1, or Physics 1, or Psysiology and Agriculture 1)----------1 unit
Language (Latin 4, or Two Languages each 2)----------4 units

FIRST YEAR	SECOND YEAR	THIRD YEAR	FOURTH YEAR
Semester I	Semester I	Semester I	Semester I
English I	English II	English Literature	Physics
Algebra	Ancient History	Geometry	American History
Elect Two	Elect Two	Elect Two	Elect Two
Elementary Science	Field Crops	Animal Husbandry	Farm Mechanics (⅓)
Penmanship, Orothoepy and Spelling	Commercial Arithmetic	Mediaeval History	English IV
Latin I	Caesar	German I	German II
Semester II	Physiology	Semester II	Reviews
English I	Semester II	English Literature	Solid Geometry
Algebra	English II	Geometry	Semester II
Elect Two	Ancient History	Elect Two	Physics
Agricultural Botany	Elect Two	Animal Husbandry and Dairying	American History
Commercial Geography	Field Crops	Modern History	Elect Two
Latin I	Bookkeeping	German I	Farm Management (⅔)
	Caesar		English IV
	Zoology		German II
			Reviews
			Advanced Algebra

Students expecting to take a collegiate course in engineering (civil or electrical) are required to take an additional half year of Algebra, also Solid Geometry in their high school course. Graduates of the English course will be admitted to college, but must meet the entrance requirements in language before graduation; this is extra work which will NOT be credited as a part of the required work for graduation from the college courses.

Graduates of the school are admitted without examination to the advanced courses of the University of Wisconsin and the other Universities and Colleges of the state, as well as the State Normals.

The rate of tuition to high school students coming from another high school district is four dollars ($4.00) per month.

Any person not of school age not a resident of the high school district may attend the high school without paying tuition. The tuition of such person is paid by the town in which he resides, provided he holds a common school diploma or its equivalent.

Admission to the high school may be secured as follows:

1 Graduates of the eighth grade in the Milton schools, or the eighth grade of other graded schools, will be admitted upon presentation of a certificate of graduation.

2. Common school graduates will be admitted upon presentation of a diploma or a certificate of graduation.

3. Students from other high schools and from state graded schools will be given credit for work done in such schools upon presentation of properly certified standings.

4. Those persons who have not completed the equivalent of a common school course will be admitted upon passing a satisfactory examination in all common school branches.

In all cases the credit to be given will be determined by the principal, who reserves the right to require any pupil to pursue studies in the eighth grade when found deficient in those subjects.

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Morning worship and preaching ..... 11:00 a. m.
Boys' Junior ..... 2:15 p. m,
Girls' Junior ..... 3:00 p. m.
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Then our methods of doing business are peculiar to this store; each customer is treated in such a manner that he realizes the personal interest we take in each sale. We know that shoe buying is not universal and your needs are not like your neighbors.

We wish you to try this store for your next pair of shoes, for we feel sure that one trial will give the desire to try us again.

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The Proof of the Pudding is in the Eating

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We also aim to keep the finest line of Fresh Fruits in town. A full supply of Staple and Fancy Groceries always on hand.

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